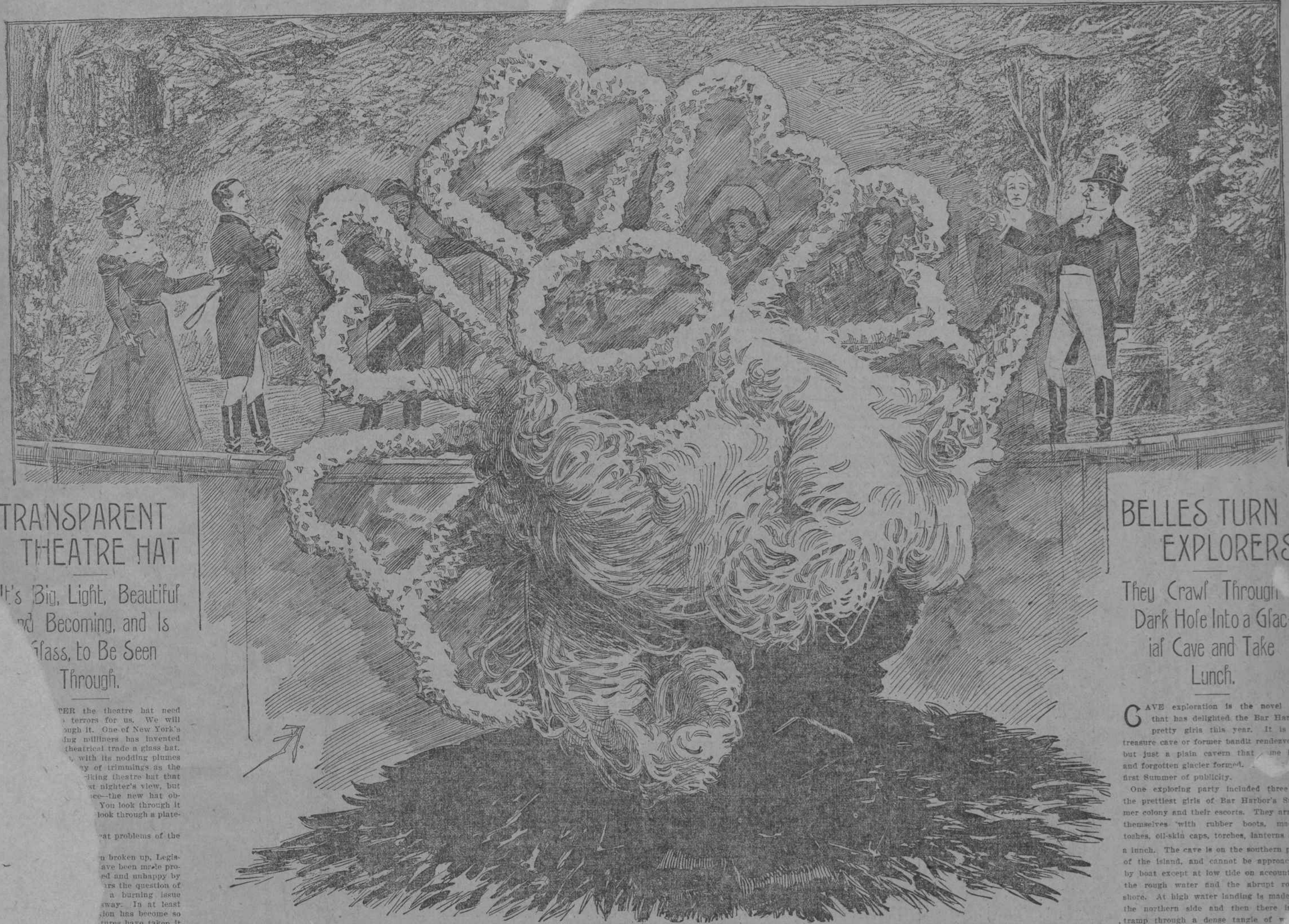


WILL THIS GLASS THEATRE HAT SOLVE THE PROBLEM?



TRANSPARENT THEATRE HAT

It's Big, Light, Beautiful and Becoming, and Is of Glass, to Be Seen Through.

After the theatre hat need no longer be a terror for us. We will laugh it. One of New York's leading milliners has invented a theatrical trade in glass-hat, with its nodding plumes and its trimmings as the king theatre hat but at night's view, but see—the new hat on. You look through it look through a plate-

at problems of the

broken up, Legis- have been made pro- and unhappy by the question of a burning issue away. In at least one has become so there have taken it the wearing of any flat bonnet have go and other big men have passed titles on theatre the big hat

glass hat has on to wear any loose, and yet— fact!—be only al by the men

hat is almost ill not break if as fashionable wire hat made is made of a pliable glass, with certain breaking. Its of soda. The ant, and makes on for trim- brought by the ough to know it is so filled or refilled, milliners can crampers' key wings it chief use will a big theatre high crowns, hat's size it

the new thea- creation ring glass hats, each of delicate aped crown a shirring or enabling ew of the are used four of downward fully per- mental d the base chiffon is entre with e buckle, extra hat aty glass there are theatre of some They they are d as for obbing to has ever at is the milliners, feet. This number of y are rapidly shapes and

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF TWENTY DIFFERENT STYLES OF REAL GLASS THEATRE HATS NOW ACTUALLY BEING SOLD BY KOCH & SONS, THE WELL-KNOWN MILLINERS.

HOW COLORS SOOTHE US.

THE average man may not appreciate the fact that he is soothed by the green of the elm or oak, or irritated by the brick-red wall, or oppressed by a purple storm-cloud, but it is a fact, and the difference in the feeling with which each is received is a difference of vibrations of color waves.

These facts have been proved by a series of experiments which are now being conducted by Dr. W. S. Wadsworth at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Wadsworth has imported one of those wonderfully delicate and well-adjusted French mechanisms of precision which turn the nervous vibrations of the body (or the effects of emotion upon the respiration) into tracings on a revolving blackened cylinder. The subject sits in front of a table, upon which a camera rests. He is told to give all his attention to pressing down an electric button on the table connected with a wire with a little whipsy slip of a wooden finger, which barely grazes the surface of a blackened cylinder, revolving slowly.

When the subject keeps the button pressed down steadily by concentration of will, the tracing of the finger on the cylinder is an almost continuously straight line. He takes his finger off the button and a flood of violet light coming through the camera window bathes his eyes and face.

Again he is told to put his attention on the button and to keep it pressed down. But the distraction of the eye-irritating violet light is insurmountable, and the little wooden finger scratches a sequence of toppling, angry waves on the cylinder.

Violet light is withdrawn and a vicious red sent through the window. The line on the cylinder is still wave-like, but not so excited. Green light softens the waves down almost to the original straight line, when the eyes were not distracted by any color.

This experiment shows plainly the relatively irritating effect of different colors upon the retina and through it upon the central nervous system.

Dr. Wadsworth exhibits a little vial full of this same irritating violet color (transmitted) and few can look at it steadily without soon growing nervous and restless. Another vial of a peculiar shade of green

At the Theatre

Next Winter

You Will

See This

Hat.

causes many of those who look earnestly at it to experience suddenly an acute nervous chill.

The doctor has a fat little package composed of slips of paper of graded shades, and when he flips them quickly between thumb and finger, running a gamut of color much the same effect is produced upon the nervous system as when the keys of a piano are pressed sequentially from side to side. After Dr. Wadsworth has repeatedly struck the gamut of the keys of the eye-organ one begins to feel a strange thrill of color emotion.

The experiments which Dr. Wadsworth has made were suggested by his studies in Europe under the most distinguished psychologists in the world—Dr. Holmgren, of Upsala, and Schiff, of Geneva. They were borne out by a number of similar investigations, which have considerable interest bearing on the same subject.

One sense is theoretically just as amenable to harmony or monotony as another. But certain senses are very highly organized and better developed because of continued use in most men. It is only the exceptional cases in which senses like smell and taste are highly developed—for example, tea and coffee tasters.

The retina of the eye and the organ of Corti in the ear are dependent for usefulness upon the reception of harmonious vibrations of different pitch. Drumming monotonously upon a piano, or the monotonous ticking of a clock will first irritate and finally hypnotize a listener.



New Glass Theatre Hat, Front View.

Love, Whiskers and Sorrow This Young Woman's Lot.

Whiskers have prevented a marriage and practically ruined two lives in Butler County, Ky. This sad state of affairs is the result of a bride-to-be trying to make herself more beautiful. Instead of beauty she gained whiskers, long, black, luxuriant affairs, which would adorn a man as much as they distress this young woman.

for developments. Horror of horrors! The next morning she found the specks were nothing less than the ends of countless black hairs that were bent on growing until they formed a heavy beard. Almost crazed by this fact, Miss Belcher at first contemplated suicide. Then she was persuaded to have her face shaved, but the relief was only temporary, for the hair continued to grow.

At last she determined to live the life of a recluse. Her affianced begged her to marry him, but she steadfastly refused, and then declined to see him at all. This almost drove the young man insane, and he too retired from the world. Physicians are unable to aid Miss Belcher. She has given them all an opportunity to try their skill, but each one has had the same experience.

What Will

the Anti-

Theatre Hat

Law Do To

This?

Miss Belcher, of Bowling Green, read an advertisement in a metropolitan paper which extolled the virtues of a cosmetic, asserting that a single facial application would render the skin soft and smooth. She sent for the preparation, and when it came followed the accompanying directions.

A week passed. One morning when Miss Belcher took her customary matutinal glimpse of the looking-glass she noticed unfamiliar little black specks all over her face. Greatly distressed, she waited a day

HERE'S AN IDEA FROM THE HUB

BOSTON is soon to have something entirely new in the way of a school. It is to be called the School of Housekeeping, and is expected to do much toward solving the domestic problem.

At this new school housekeeping is to be regarded as a science, and to be studied as such. It is to be a school where employers and employees may together learn the business of housekeeping, and it will aim to have its graduates well versed in every branch of domestic service.

The School of Housekeeping has originated with and will be in charge of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

It is to comprise a home, a family, classes in the theory and practice of housekeeping for employers, and a course of practical training in housework for employees. Two houses are to be used for this experiment in model housekeeping. One house will be occupied by six or eight boarders, who will constitute the family, while the other will be used for classes and demonstration work for employers and employees.

The school will open Nov. 1, and Miss Maria Daniels will be its superintendent.

Every graduate of the School of Housekeeping, when she receives her diploma, will understand thoroughly the care of the range, the care of kitchen, cellar and ice chest. She will know how to wash and iron thoroughly, and how to care for bed-rooms, beds and bedding. She will understand all branches of cooking, and will have been thoroughly trained in waiting on the table and in answering the door bell properly. In fact, each graduate will be a model servant, and she will also be entitled to a position through the office of the Domestic Reformed League.

Throughout the course of instruction lectures will be given on such subjects as "The Laundry and Its Practical Work," "House Sanitation," "The Philosophy of Cleaning," "The Art of House Furnishing," etc. Among the lecturers will be such well known women as Professor Lucy M. Salmon, of Vassar College, and Professor Katherine Coman, of Wellesley College. The school will receive no women under sixteen or over thirty years of age. References as to character and general intelligence will be required.

BELLES TURN EXPLORERS.

They Crawl Through a Dark Hole Into a Glacial Cave and Take Lunch.

CAVE exploration is the novel fad that has delighted the Bar Harbor pretty girls this year. It is no treasure cave or former bandit rendezvous, but just a plain cavern that came for the first summer of publicity.

One exploring party included three of the prettiest girls of Bar Harbor's Summer colony and their escorts. They armed themselves with rubber boots, machete-tomes, oil-skin caps, torches, lanterns and a lunch. The cave is on the southern part of the island, and cannot be approached by boat except at low tide on account of the rough water and the abrupt rocky shore. At high water landing is made at the northern side and then there is a tramp through a dense tangle of which becomes a labyrinth to the quainted with the path.

When the cave is reached only a hole, scarcely large enough for a person to crawl through, is seen. The young ladies who comprised this particular party view the hole in the ground and two of the declared that they would rather go home than descend into the hole. The third, however, cried cowardly, and with her paraphernalia started for the woods and soon appeared looking like Mrs. Peary in her Arctic togs. The others soon followed suit.

The boatman led the way, sliding through the hole the length of his body. From the hollow depths he shouted, "Hand in the lunch, torch and things." The next to follow was one of the young men, and after him the bold belle whom he was forced to pull in part of the way, when she faltered. The others followed in like manner. Torches were lit and each young lady carried a lighted lantern and an alpenstock. Once inside, the passage between and one can stand upright. Passing along twenty feet the passage ends save for a hole as big as a barrel head through which the party continued their explorations. Once inside, the subterranean scene changes.

A large circular chamber, with a carpet of soft, velvety mud and a ceiling of rich quartz of various colors, with here and there a room-like division, leading in all directions was disclosed. The air was as warm as summer, although a cold sou' wester was blowing outside. Water trickled through the rocky walls and as the party stood astounded by the weirdness and novelty of the scene one of the young ladies threw the party into a fright by filling the cave with a series of unearthly yells and flying into her escort's arms for protection. She declared that she had been bitten in the neck by a snake. After a diagnosis by torchlight it was found that an icy drop of water had fallen down her back. Another had to be assured by measurement that her boot tops were as far above the mud as the others and that there was no danger of being buried alive.

Off to the right is a dry spot with shaly stones running about which were utilized as seats. Torches were stuck in niches and a lunch was spread. It was the first time that this glacial cave had ever been utilized as a cafe, but the party declared that the subterranean sandwiches had a peculiarly delicious flavor. The merry laughter of the sextette of slimmers re-echoed about the cavern. The gnomes who dwell within saw faint sights. The explorations were continued till the party came to another aperture. A steep descent led into the next chamber and the young ladies decided to leave it to other explorers. On returning home the stories of the cave spread in society and exploring became the fad.